

1<sup>st</sup> 7

# THE Saint turn'd Curtezan:

O R,

A New PLOT discover'd by a precious Zealot, of an Assault and Battery design'd upon the Body of a Sanctify'd Sister, &c.

13 April. 1681:

*Who in her Husband's absence, with a Brother  
Did often use to comfort one another;  
Till wide-mouth'd Crop, who is an old Italian,  
Took his Mare napping, and surpriz'd her Stallion:  
Who 'stead of Entertainment from his Mistress,  
Did meet a Cudgelling not match'd in Hist'ries.*

To the Tune of the Quakers Ballad: or, All in the Land of Essex.

*On Benjamin Harris his wife who lay with a scrivener.*

**A**LL in the Zealous City,  
Near the Exchange so Royal,  
In dead of Night  
Appear'd such a Sprite,  
Wou'd make a Saint disloyal.  
*Help Care, Vile, Smith, and Curtis,  
Each pious Covenanter,  
Now alas what hope  
Of converting the Pope,  
When a Sister turns a Ranter?*

A precious Goose-quill Brother,  
Joyn'd with a Holy Sister,  
In place of Mate  
To propagate  
The Holy Seed, he kiss'd her.  
*Help, &c.*

About the time of Midnight,  
When th'Saints are Caterwauling,  
The Youngster came  
To cherish the Dame,  
While the Cuckold was a stroling.  
*Help, &c.*

For while her Factious Gaol-bird,  
That Type of Reformation,  
Lay close by the heels,  
The Slippery Eels  
Lay in close Copulation.  
*Help Care, Vile, Smith, and Curtis,  
Each pious Covenanter,  
What hopes have we got  
To defeat the Sham-Plot,  
If a Sister turns a Ranter?*

But as the Devil wou'd have it,  
The Devil of Lust and Malice,  
That night he broke Gaol,  
And boggl'd her Tail;  
She wish'd him at the Gallows.  
*Help Care, Vile, Smith, and Curtis,  
Each zealous Covenanter,  
What hopes have we got  
To defeat the Sham-Plot,  
If a Sister turns a Ranter?*

For at the usual hour,  
In comes the Clerk oth' *Quorum*;  
Where to spoil the Plot,  
The Devil had got  
Possession long before him.  
*Help, &c.*

My fairest *Helen* open,  
Here's thy own loving *Paris*:  
Get away from my door,  
You Son of a whore,  
For here's th'old Cuckold *Harris*.  
*Help, &c.*

Then damn the Factious Lubber,  
To spoil our Recreation:  
Quoth *Harris*, what's there?  
'Tis nothing, my Dear,  
But the Spirit of Revelation.  
*Help Care, Vile, Smith, and Curtis,  
Each zealous Covenanter,  
Who wou'd credit Ben. Took,  
Tho' he swore on a Book,  
That a Saint should turn a Ranter?*

Old

## The Second Part.

Old *Ben* who much suspected  
 'Twas more then a bare Vision,  
 Began for to peep,  
 And slept Dog-sleep,  
 Till he found the Apparition.  
*Help, &c.*

The Covenanting Brother,  
 According to Indenture,  
 With Ink in Pen  
 Came there agen  
 Next Night, but could not enter.  
*Help, &c.*

He knockt beneath the window,  
 What can you sleep so soundly?  
 Open, my Dear:  
 Quoth *Ben*, are you there?  
 I'll handle you profoundly.  
*Help, &c.*

In Gown of Wife, and Slippers,  
 While she lay in a slumber,  
 Perplex'd with cares,  
 He crept down Stairs,  
 Arm'd with good Cudgel Lumber.  
*Help, &c.*

Who's there? quoth watchful *Argus*:  
 'Tis I in longing passion,  
 Give me a kiss:  
 Quoth *Ben*, take this,  
 A *Dryden's* Salutation.  
*Help Care, Vile, Smith, and Curtis,*  
*Each zealous Covenanter,*  
*What wonder the Atheist*  
*L'change should turn Papist,*  
*When a Zealot turns a Ranter?*

What means this strangeness, Madam?  
 I mean to cool your Courage:  
 Take this, you Rogue,  
 I'll send you, Dog,  
 To hunt for other Forrage.  
*Help, &c.*

The Wife scar'd in the Buzzle,  
 My Dear, what is the matter?  
 You're a Whore, quoth he,  
 You are, quoth she,  
 A Villain and a Traytor.  
*Help, &c.*

I'll have thee scourg'd by *Baxter*,  
 Quoth he, at the next Lecture,  
 For prostrating  
 To any thing  
 Beneath a Lord Protector.  
*Help, &c.*

Quoth she, I'll have thee Quarter'd,  
 Thou Scribbling Factious Felon,  
 For publishing  
 Against the King  
 Sedition and Rebellion.  
*Help Care, Vile, Smith, and Curtis,*  
*All pious Covenanters,*  
*What hopes have we got*  
*To defeat the Sham-Plot,*  
*When a Sister turns a Ranter?*

Have I, quoth he, escaped  
 The Pillory and Committal,  
 The Gallows and  
 The Laws oth' Land,  
 To be proclaim'd a Wittal?  
*Help, &c.*

What will the Bloudy Plotters  
 Say of a Holy Brother,  
 When we our selves  
 Lay Traps and Shelves  
 To Counterplot each other?  
*Help, &c.*

But now for an Expedient,  
 Lest they should us bespatter,  
 We'll say the Spark's  
 A Popish Shark,  
 And that will salve the matter.  
*Help, &c.*

We'll say he was a Papist  
 L'change had sent to Fire us;  
 So thou art clear,  
 My dearest Dear,  
 And the Saints will still admire us.  
*Help Care, Vile, Smith, and Curtis,*  
*And each true Covenanter,*  
*What hopes have we got*  
*To defeat the Sham-Plot,*  
*If a Sister turns a Ranter?*

F I N I S.